



**Five Hundred Haikus**

**For My Ay-yah**

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***For A.R.***

**Thank you my sweet love,  
from your groundhog whisperer  
June twenty sixteen**

**your scent fading fast  
your egress leaves me lonely  
cold my heart becomes**

**warm raisin coffee  
sweetly kissed by a woman  
let me lick this cup**

**shiny shrinky dinks  
in this desk draw reflect my  
tethered love for you**

**for sexy desserts  
consume them slowly at night  
by the bathroom light**

**a mirror well lit  
reflected her sexy back  
warming my cold heart**

**the old counter top  
was once again fucking hot  
her tight ass at rest**

**your delicious lips  
taste like hot summertime rain  
to my hungry mouth**

**tell me fair maiden  
could you love this old refuse  
with your house of spring**

**could a compass lead  
this dog to the old floor boards  
under my loves heel**

**whisper you gently  
straight from your sweet lips my love  
the worth of this ship**

**tender heart given  
tenacious is the sweet warmth  
on my arctic isle**

**spoons forks knives and more  
you filled my silverware drawer  
may I lick your bowl**

**Valentines cannot  
touch my heart cause Andrea  
already took it**

**opportunities  
to tell you I love you so  
occur too seldom**

**I do so love you  
beautiful alpha woman  
happy valentines**

**priceless is the smile  
on the angels face when she  
reads her card of love**

**had a valentines  
kiss that completely tasted  
of a sweet future**

**there was once a soft  
snow valentine that melted  
quickly my cold heart**

**in the puddle of  
my melted heart stood kindness  
soft snow valentine**

**with your heart shouldered  
of infinite density  
you dance so lightly**

**good night snow angel  
may valentines dreams be sweet  
my beautiful friend**

a haiku alone  
is not adequate to say  
how she looked at me

your top lip closure  
your bottom lip forgiveness  
your tongue salvation

hey alpha angel  
would you like a rootbeer maybe  
or all of my love

taste that soft sweet hip  
consumable is my love  
may her flavor flow

thank you for changing  
this old doorway forever  
with how thy eyes shown

sagacious flower  
please tend your succulent bloom  
with my arcane heart

while crushing to dust  
this emptiness inside me  
she was delicious

she moved this cracked stone  
using nothing but her gaze  
to the gate of love

composing relief  
salubrious to my heart  
fingertips of silk

tall brilliant woman  
quickly come kiss me again  
before I wake up

Andrea of Dry  
Fork does your garden have soil  
for my broken roots

smother my despair  
under your treasured embrace  
quick like the sunset

just when I smell death  
you let me taste the future  
on your country tongue

your garden is hot  
I will walk your rows with seed  
can you smell the rain



an unnamed science  
cannot measure density  
of love this heavy

the woman speaking  
sounds of my unborn children  
when does the sunrise

Ay-yah in the eyes  
whispers in her garden green  
the names unspoken

the only perfume  
my olfactory desires  
the nuque of Ay-yah

your bucket is full  
from the well you have raised it  
will you share this drink

your voice piano  
notes playing over a world  
of deafening noise

I apologize  
for not finding you sooner  
with so few breaths left

once it was past noon  
not blinded by the bright sun  
I knew I loved you

what I cannot see  
she lights my path to brightly  
with her tender eyes

my heartache is snow  
the fire you stir inside  
grows like the sunrise

why does she love me  
is not a question I ask  
my true love knocking

what is simple love  
could it be the fresh kindness  
that holds my cold hand

how to know true love  
suddenly you feel you do  
not deserve this warmth

quick take me in please  
before the wind blows away  
what is left of me

as sure as the wind  
moves an Oak tree leaf I am  
thankful for your love

surrender quickly  
that hot summer heart of dance  
before the leaves fall

I feel you have filled  
my empty heart with love for  
countless centuries

moments form years and  
seconds become centuries  
with your freight of love

we fall at the hip  
groveling for another  
glimpse of Bastet's skin

to be loved by you  
is to not be rejected  
by the warmth of right

your pussy taste like  
spring sunshine on my cold face  
in February

hard as the howling  
wind on White Oak Mountain is  
my heart without you

the thoughts I never  
thought reflect from your kind eyes  
with a glimpse of hope

I will not allow  
the cold mountain air to chill  
my sweltering love

no moment escapes  
my love to lick your sweet clit  
give me my dessert

smother with sugar  
and cream these dark thoughts that burn  
in my disasters

when relevancy  
of every past moment fades  
love has fast your heart

my compulsion to  
lick your sultry ass is hard  
to resist my love

dessert and dinner  
and dessert left me laden  
with a fresh hunger

tell the men who ask  
you to drop your boyfriend that  
you have your dinner

I will pick every  
ripe peach from this gentle tree  
devouring each one

my haiku honey  
sweet woman let me lighten  
your path to delight

when love dances take  
her benevolent hand and  
simply follow her

kiss me with your hot  
mouth and work my hard cock with  
that hand of desire

there is no more a  
fulfilling lunch than dessert  
my sexy woman

resolutions run  
like liquid liberation  
in my hollow heart

delicate does dance  
this hard heart handled by my  
lovely lovers laugh

daughter of Philly  
when you go north know that you  
take with you my heart

I have rendered dreams  
fresh to my mind like children  
hiding in your eyes

if this haiku my  
love does not express please let  
my tongue supplement

once was a lady  
from Philly not a dally  
at taking my heart

your nipples taste like  
sucking on St. Honore's  
sweet cream piping tip

the widow maker  
concerned me nil until your  
face was looking up

cleaning your used cup  
brings me smiles and memories  
of your reflection

there is no reward  
greater than having you come  
in my mouth ten times

leave my home barren  
of orgasms while leaving gorged  
on my burning love

if I die tonight  
let me be reborn as the  
dirt under your nail

clock watching Ay-yah  
is there enough time left for  
my future with you

when you go from my  
site I feel that my entire  
family has gone

every fine woman's  
hips I see move makes me long  
hard to lick your ass

there are no secrets  
between these pumpkin bedsheets  
my beautiful friend

intimacy is  
your lovers gentle touch while  
you both lie content

if you bed was mine  
late at night you could be touched  
like the wind on grass

this granite lust rests  
on slate admiration held  
up by marble love

how was I to know  
true love was stuck in transit  
rushing to my door

pretty woman at  
my table please take my wood  
and burn it for warmth



you reached in your box  
of seed packets and took out  
pure love and sowed it

out an envelope  
small from a box large she took  
my breath with her grace

I lost my way to  
sustenance in poems but  
now I eat dessert

my sexy northern  
peach with hot nectar so fucking  
sweet I must taste you

laying there sexy  
from chin to navel sticky  
you are my woman

my cock hardens at  
the thought of your arched back and  
soft hips in my hands

my reprieve came in  
the form of your graceful gaze  
my love I thank you

alone I am a  
spent fire getting colder with  
you I am plasma

write this little book  
together with each warm breath  
in my arms dear love

your charitable  
donations to my self-worth  
are my salvation

hola novia  
tu amor infinito  
es felicidad

altruistic was  
sunrise Ay-yah in the small  
hospital dance hall

immortality  
bubbles candy try-cycles  
reflect in your eyes

today's clouds spoke clear  
and instantly to my ear  
tell her of your love

my love must be born  
of pastry chefs she taste like  
all things sweet and good

I am thankful for  
the eleemosynary  
alpha womans love

Grace Hopper's Cobol  
and your work in this world take  
my admiration

let not my silence  
lead you falsely to believe  
that I do not love you

north of the Mason  
Dixon my lady has gone  
remember my twang

I have a friend who  
lights my dark night with the light  
from her lovely smile

in clover queen spring  
sexy tulips and mums bring  
me to your garden



**harden the steel spade  
stir the wet soil with my blade  
grow only my love**

**on my tongue swells red  
your delicious clitoris  
the perfect button**

**indebted to you  
taking in another stray  
I feel so relieved**

there was rain the hot  
precipitation and it  
was summer perfect

her smile tore from me  
my anger like fruit on a  
tree consuming it

only with you did  
I own the watch unwinding  
of my own demise

a garden fresh touch  
again I am only five  
with ants in my pants

in the night I can  
see Ay-yah means friend of those  
with only one friend

placing my hand on  
your bare shoulder instantly  
anger lost its hold

tick tock time teller  
wind wisely watches woman  
knowing I love you

one deep kiss and she  
bore my hard misanthropy  
leaving behind love

out the kitchen peach  
sweet window is your ancient  
garden of reprieves

you of yesterday  
were framed in the attic by  
a photo smiling

each drawer and door  
you opened revealed new ways  
for me to love you

the secret keeper  
Abby knows that I am in  
love with her mother

today was crystal  
perfect mountains of White Oaks  
at the old mule barn

by the light of the  
green grass you walked gently  
to my destiny

holding your slender  
fingers is to hold still the  
hands of every clock

this tiny tummy  
tantalizing the tempting  
tongue tip tasting that

behind locked doors are  
cute terracotta pig grills  
made just to meet you

this is what it feels  
like to madly be in love  
with a hot sweet dream

my amaranthus  
flower of White Oak Mountain  
may I keep your love

your face seen by my  
dim and quickly fading eye  
lights my heart brightly

disappear my pain  
on that bottom lip softly  
my graceful woman

erotic licking  
of your blushing clitoris  
should occur daily

thrust ravenously  
my tongue in your tight heaven  
while singing sweetly

in any attire  
on site you are stripped nude and  
fucked hard in my mind

push my head between  
your soft thighs rub hard this rough  
face on your wet lips

the angled angels  
glance happens not by sheer chance  
but because of love

hey northern mama  
this southern man needs you to  
ride this southbound rail

my woman is the  
donor of daylight purpose  
for my coldest breaths



rapturous licking  
my shaft from bottom to top  
makes me need a kiss

licking lady lips  
lightly lifts lubricated  
lively lovers lives

in your eyes is the  
light of the sun showing me  
the path to safety

the tree of kindness  
is my Ay-yah and she has  
lowered her love branch

conversation cup  
coffee container counter  
cream clock conclusion

her eye lids lower  
slaughtering this emptiness  
and raise to find love

an amazing and  
angelic alpha Ay-yah  
alliteration

an areola  
affinity arose at  
Ay-yahs apices

your unexpressed touch  
calls me like a hot breakfast  
from my morning bed

if I tell you that  
I love you will my snow white  
princess awaken

my day begins when  
I touch you and my life ends  
when I am unable

pussycat prowling  
plus pleasing pizza precedes  
precious pondering

spending the entire  
evening in your arms feels like  
I have won at life

the contest of life  
offers no reward finer  
than you in my arms

the couch arm resting  
my loves gentle lips kissing  
this love confessing

I was trapped at the  
December solstice until  
you warmed my cold world

blazingly adorned  
in red you were no less than  
irresistible

the menu Spanish  
sitting in the both corner  
my date beautiful

manipulated  
laughing caught red looking down  
by the smart woman

Andrea is the  
ever blooming flower of  
life's fleeting seasons

you bring warmth to this  
cold vacuum within my old  
and destitute self

as the rain descends  
your love lifts this mangled heart  
high above the clouds

take the rhythm from  
your step and guild those gentle  
fingers on my skin

my cock gripped wet in  
your sexy lips was breakfast  
waiting hot at dawn

your touch is heavy  
enough to crush my feeling  
of stagnant failure

your quivering breasts  
instantly halts the contents  
of the universe

elegant tightening  
of muscles orgasmic with  
delicious pleasure

the congress of my  
tongue on your clitoris is  
my house of worship

passionate was your  
full mouth moaning as I felt  
you tighten and come

mission critical  
is the happiness that lights  
your glorious smile

gallows destine was  
I until though the darkness  
you reached out your hand

if you are dusty  
let me be the hot summer  
rain that cleans your skin

I miss the taste of  
your come like a salty sea  
dog misses the waves

your garden grows me  
an appetite in its rows  
to lick your hot ass

the time I share in  
your arms is not spent it is  
invested wisely

happy birthday my  
sweet flower Ay-yah know I  
love you completely

on this special day  
may Seeley Booth come and whisk  
you far far away

come with me my sweet  
to the timeless place between  
love and your embrace

you keep heating this  
cold stone I call a heart with  
your wholesome kisses

my face rode by your  
tongue fucking pussy taste of  
hot satisfaction

today you smelled of  
sugar and summertime winds  
blowing warm at night

when I found you near  
the flowers I wanted to  
buy them all for you

thank you for knowing  
the cracked and broken remains  
that I call myself

a kenneled dog I  
feel when I know Abby sleeps  
by your side at night

The warm April air  
on my cold heart makes me need  
to hold you closer

I refuse to write  
the story of me never  
waking by your side

I saw your salvage  
yard and it was gold from where  
I will harvest love

My only dream is  
to be upwind from the sweet  
flower that is you

my friend is the wine  
that fills the empty glass heart  
of this hollow man

stop and teach me how  
you sleep through those dark and damp  
mountain nights alone

my mistakes mishaps  
misfortunes marring moments  
make melancholy

quick my love ignore  
the universe and make us  
both immortal now

as my clock ticks down  
I ask my love to wind it  
once more just for fun

this empty bed stays  
abandoned until your warmth  
returns to my home

my love for you is  
the hidden moss grown behind  
a white waterfall

a days old sadness  
was murdered by some magic  
butterscotch pudding



with each taste of your  
fresh magic pudding I fall  
further into love

rain on a blue roof  
the glass bowl of butterscotch  
my heart you left with

disappear defeat  
decry depreciating  
dispositions dear

every time the dark  
momentarily lifts I  
see you standing there

I am a gleeful  
child knowing your touch will soon  
be here tomorrow

you ask the babies  
how many syllables it  
took to have my heart

I question not how  
with each passing day you make  
me love you much more

my adversary  
is sleep fighting to not let  
my day with you end

your hot lips pressed wet  
and firm around my hard cock  
is a tasty kiss

your ripe strawberry  
wet between my lips taste of  
tomorrows summer

I will follow you  
from this dark winter into  
your warm embrace

facing me sitting  
as close as possible my  
lady is flawless

the suns jealousy  
falls on me when it sees your  
passionate pussy

plump perky points play  
predominately possessed  
pliable peaches

pressed on the curved grip  
of your soft womanly hip  
I find my purpose

coffee sugar cream  
potato balls Texas toast  
a reason to live

tell me my love that  
you will let me devour  
your breast come Monday

each breath I draw calls  
the head of my hard cock to  
slide in your tight ass

delicious muse come  
shake my tree like you love it  
and see what falls out

I have hot dreams of  
reading you sweet haikus while  
you suck my hard cock

when you placed your thighs  
around my ears coming hard  
I heard an angel



**Sunday brunch coffee  
is when I get to glimpse my  
lovers sacred light**

**there is a boy in  
me that wants you to play in  
my yard forever**

**If I shall be dust  
at sunrise let sunset leave  
you only my love**

**tell me my lover  
when will the pianist take  
from me more darkness**

**the bread of you love  
fills me with kindness during  
this endless winter**

**every thought I have  
is given to filling your  
empty cream chalice**

**does my sharp queen not  
receive the entire kingdom  
she deserves no less**

**there was pudding and  
more pudding then they were one  
just as our love is**

**why sunrise when spring  
how snowflakes where flowers bloom  
because of your love**

**Alluring Noble  
Delightful Remarkable  
Elegant Ay-yah**

**please tell my lover  
how can I deliver more  
happiness to you**

do you fear the sting  
of love that accompanies  
true intimacy

In every sunrise  
is regret that I did not  
wake to see your face

open that iron gate  
letting your garden grow green  
and free in the world

take your hand from the  
shovel and I will bury  
that part of your past

your scent on my skin  
is a sweet magnolia bloom  
in a warm spring breeze

placed gracefully on  
my fingertips your flavor  
smells of clear sunlight

on my bed laying  
a lonely pillow pining  
for your head resting

I will watch over  
you while you rest if only  
you will share your dreams

on your beautiful  
face was sleepy love I could  
not help but enjoy

my lady has turned  
with her hearts delight the night  
into bright day light

your dance does entrance  
the discovery of my  
perpetual love

your skin feels like it  
has never been loved the way  
you deserve to be

potato party  
ecstasy on the pillow  
strawberry cheesecake

today I consumed  
my past leaving only me  
in your loving arms

the sun rose in mid  
April showing clearly your  
warm love in my heart

sucking your hot clit  
fills me with fresh contentment  
of ancient purpose

you dear are my first  
lover that lets me lover her  
while we make sweet love

on my knees it did  
please me to suck out that post  
Aikido orgasm

the martial sweat on  
your neck taste of new passion  
forged by your hot lust

your orgasmic face  
is the ambassador to  
my only purpose

the darkness did not  
arrive this April night in  
the light of your love



the funk slayer has  
laid his blade in the bed while  
he gave you good head

the cunnilingus  
famine has been resolved for  
this evening only

this dixie hot night  
demands you disrobe gently  
giving me your spring

we may have had some  
issues getting the choux up  
but not my hard cock

I regret you must  
wait so long for your poets  
evening arrival

my lady touched me  
keeping the darkness at bay  
throughout the evening

my tongue deep in your  
pussy while your full mouth moans  
gives me perfect joy

my tongue deep in your  
pussy while your full mouth moans  
gives me perfect joy

your coming pussy  
full of my tongue compliments  
your mouth full of me

having Hermons hot  
hibachi his honey had  
him hypnotized hard

eating your chicken  
rice cup I dreamt making love  
on that table top

the sun rose this day  
beautiful and good because  
of my Ay-yahs love

I garden angst when  
your angelic voice does not  
sing in my cold ear

in the hot topic  
you were my woman that went  
home with me today

on your knees in lawn  
and garden inspecting the  
tiller you were hot

a wanted man I  
was with your sultry lips wet  
fondling my hot balls

my Ay-yah eloped  
with my heart to protect it  
from certain demise

it is the honour  
of my tongue to taste dripping  
perfection from you

my love is a brick  
fireplace broken by time come  
my sexy mason

cummings said thimbles  
I would not quibble that yours  
are sexy nipples

killer of contempt  
destroyer of disdain is  
the ladies kind touch

by the turned soil in  
the light of Sunday next to  
you I felt handsome

my Ay-yah touches  
my cracked heart filling the great  
crevasse with her love

there is poetic  
anarchy in tongue fucking  
your dripping pussy

I dream of your hot  
pussy sitting on my face  
while your full mouth moans

it appears you like  
my mudra but can you love  
my true Genghis Khan

my Ay-yah rode me  
until there was nothing left  
in me but delight

the exact second  
passed unnoticed when you slayed  
my stale emptiness

with each shivering  
orgasm my cock feels I crave  
more of your passion

is Buddha distant  
while Khan close enough for you  
to learn my mudra

twice a second I  
check the time until I can  
lick your perfect clit

the accession of  
my tongue inside your snatch is  
my aspiration

you sitting not far  
I once wished upon a star  
need I wish no more

I need your touch  
like the day needs the suns light  
to stop the dark night

I beg you to tell  
me all your beauty is mine  
for at least a breath

tonight I invite  
sleep knowing I will hold you  
by the next sunset

please tell this weak beast  
that you will make love to him  
after the next dawn

trill taping the thin  
tacked tin top talking through these  
tenebrific times

loving you feels as  
natural as waking from  
comfortable sleep

I blinked once and I  
find that I have been loving  
you for many months

since I meet you the  
minutes of my life are now  
a commodity

the desire to give  
you the life you would cherish  
arrived with your smile



**when so many men  
kneel at your feet how do I  
find you my lady**

**when you looked in my  
eyes while making love I knew  
I found something true**

**I will give you with  
no regret the heartbeat your  
life is so missing**

**when you leave my side  
I can feel the departure  
of my family**

you tasting my cock  
while I taste kush was a dream  
from late in my night

across the garden  
you bent over in thin blue  
pants left me gobsmacked

as your womanly  
curves sit in the mud you are  
the perfect lady

you are gorgeous when  
I am dripping down your  
soft chin to your chest

your sexy surprise  
was priceless when I stopped and  
shot come on your chin

in ashes you grow  
love and feed me until my  
emptiness is gone

watching your face change  
from ecstasy to orgasm  
is for me sunrise



**my lady's climax  
holds fast the worlds title for  
the sweetest delight**

**my life is a clock  
that you turn with your supple  
lips each time we kiss**

**quickly as you came  
you departed me leaving  
a feeling of home**

**your presence is a  
party where I refuse to  
blow out the candles**

**between the rains you  
stormed the lea creating our  
garden of green love**

**please hide me away  
in a pocketbook in your  
closet of secrets**

**beautiful beloved  
breast bouncing buttons bursting  
beacons beaconing**

alone I am a  
silent piano waiting  
for your gentle hands

you illuminate  
my darkness with the brilliant  
mothers love you give

some moments the love  
you give is so great that I  
am rendered breathless

I am a wasted  
pumpkin seed waiting to be  
rescued by your hand

humbled be the man  
touched by the love of Ay-yah  
in the dark of night

hearing your voice as  
I awoke from a dream stopped  
two days of darkness

into fresh light I  
was hungry and you feed me  
a meal of passion

**your wet tongue sliding  
under and over my balls  
delivers sweet chills**

**your hot mouth full of  
my package your eyes looking  
up I have to come**

**when I was very  
thirsty you came and lead me  
to your fresh river**

**with the emptiest  
bed I have owned you came and  
filled it with your love**

**every sexy moan  
your full mouth makes drives me to  
come down your hot throat**

**thinking of you while  
writing this haiku has made  
my cock hard for you**

**there is no part of  
your sexy body that I  
do not want to taste**

today as I laid  
wallowing in your breast I  
surrender my heart

if I sound insane  
when I say I love you let  
the madness echo

hydrated hot hash  
hurryingly heating her  
hammering hunger

in your spaghetti  
strap shirt with your pussy fucked  
good you are sultry

while working up an  
appetite in the bedroom  
I filled my hunger

your legs are but the  
soft gateway to my hard cocks  
delicious purpose

fingering your wet  
pussy while you suck me off  
is damn delightful

**Ay-yah is but the  
moon brightning my dark night  
with her shining love**

**if one thing is sure  
the next poet you date will  
have a higher bar**

**mourning in the May  
moonlight to touch your silk skin  
is your lonely man**

**destiny is the  
second I knew I had fell  
to your outreached hand**

**glorious is spry  
Ay-Yah sitting her round ass  
down on my hard cock**

**I was in your mouth  
for only moments before  
I was your servant**

**laying there watching  
your blissful face come gives me  
true satisfaction**

finding in your eyes  
that which gave me a surprise  
was me being loved

my pillow contains  
the sound of your pure laughter  
as I close my eyes

a woman as fine  
as you makes a man want to  
be your good husband

architect of our  
demise I hope your job is  
eliminated

you guided me through  
those winding roads straight to a  
most perfect moment

carp chicken curry  
charming companionship caused  
complete contentment

resting on the couch  
your face became sweet music  
as I touched your lips

my love for you is  
as strong as the grass glowed green  
on the mountain side

the hard skee balls rolled  
away from the lake leaving  
me with your beauty

thank you for the kind  
pleasure of being seen in  
your own mothers eyes

the most exquisite  
beauty in the crafts store was  
your tight ass walking

my protector comes  
with morrows wake bringing her  
shelter from the rain

in your site I be  
a great sea out of your gaze  
a desert I am

by the knowledge of  
your love comes the science of  
my warm happiness

my longing to see  
you grows by the second as  
soon as you depart

your warm hug protects  
me from my darkness that rains  
down upon my head

this Tuesdays rain stopped  
its descent onto my heart  
when you held me tight

with winter in my  
mind you stoked my heart until  
I was on fire

a day of doubt was  
crushed late at night holding your  
body close to mind

if only for a  
second sleeping by my side  
I was whole again

no grain we plant is  
committed to the earth more  
than we ourselves are



when jealousy found  
me I laughed uncontrolled in  
pure embarrassment

jealousy tasted  
like a cheap metal spoon placed  
on an empty tongue

when you slept by my  
side I rested for years with  
each passing second

can I afford the  
debt of having all of you  
only for my self

my gleeful hands dug  
the soil anticipating  
your pending return

may my Ay-yahs love  
grow deep with no liens in the  
herb strip I have turned

as the rain falls on  
this night I crave the touch of  
your soft abdomen

**I want to turn your  
world upside down making you  
my daughters mother**

**your taste your voice your  
smell your site your touch your grace  
I long to embrace**

**my beloved yankee  
I can surrender no more  
my heart completely**

**in the month of May  
as the clouds parted the moons  
light showed me the truth**

**the youth in your eyes  
offers me the door to my  
immortality**

**when you speak to me  
I hear my childs mothers voice  
telling of pure love**

**the touch you give me  
says clearly place our baby  
upon her soft breast**

the site of your grace  
is a flow fit for poets  
and painters alike

my reflection in  
your beautiful eyes makes me  
feel briefly handsome

I could stroke you tight  
pussy every second for  
the rest of my life

your sexy skin is  
the silky gateway to my  
pure satisfaction

your heart beats to hold  
close upon your chest a child  
born of your sweet love

as quick as the green  
grass slides between your toes do  
leave behind your past

all the winds blowing  
my burning mind knowing I  
crave my hot lover

**your firm ass holding  
my hard cock tightly banging  
down while you ride me**

**may I donate dear  
the missing gear to the clock  
work of my loves life**

**the freest laugh I  
have known I enjoy after  
your third hot orgasm**

**the river of love  
I drink from flows down Ay-yahs  
tall mountain of life**

**step up front to the  
herb strip my lady and sow  
in just spring your love**

**having hammered her  
hotness hard he heard his hot  
honey hollering**

**there is no relief  
like having an appetite  
and getting to eat**

your womanly hips  
in my hands is perfection  
of the purist kind

at moments I think  
you employed Abby to steal  
my heart playing fetch

Mister Hungry the  
decoration day crow may  
know where Ay-yah goes

the best part of this  
day was stopping to plant the  
peppers you brought me

missing you is like  
missing the sunrise I wake  
and it has happened

I can stop loving  
you no more than I can stop  
the motion of time

toilet yogurt with  
photogenic kittens lead  
me to your sweet clit

you have secured my  
heart with the passionate love  
you sow in my life

in the green light of  
clover at your sexy feet  
played each cute kitten

I may know very  
little for certain I do  
know that I love you

in my hands I could  
hold infinitely your smooth  
womanly thighs tight

you may be my third  
lover although you are with  
no doubt my first love

in the garden of  
life you are my fully bloomed  
spring passion flower

when you are away  
I miss you like a tired man  
who longs for his sleep

if I could write you  
a haiku to make you come  
here would be the words

the sweetest flower  
in my garden today was  
your ass bent over

I love to feel your  
hot pussy grind on my rough  
face until you cream

the completely free  
smile you have after your third  
orgasm is priceless

my life is a blue  
garden box filled with your rich  
love starting to grow

by each drop falling  
the rain is calmly calling  
us to the garden

when the morning sun  
lights our garden I feel your  
warm love in my heart



**I wake dreaming of  
your hot mouth filled with my dick  
shooting hard a load**

**luscious lady love  
little literatures lube  
legitimacy**

**as the sunset falls  
dimmer my want to make love  
to you grows stronger**

**as the warm spring nights  
shorten my bed grows even  
emptier than now**



after the flood there  
is nothing but fact left for  
you to stand upon

if from my bed I  
cannot rise let it be known  
that you were my love

my woman is a  
lighthouse beaconing to me  
through the rough darkness

now the worry comes  
that done reading you will be  
before my writing

how was I to know  
that waking up alone would  
be hard like stone

one French fry picnic  
two half cut sweet teas and one  
happy man in love

as you cradle the  
kittens all I can see is  
you holding our child

after we make love  
I resist sleep like a child  
wanting time to stop

is it difficult  
to mine love for the long haired  
Appalachian

you empower me  
so greatly that Caesars bones  
rattle in their tomb

peahen perching on  
your roof top like a candle  
in your homes window

beautiful are your  
areolas large and hot  
like a coffee cup

your nipples were the  
perfect temperature in  
the breeze of your fan

after work your couch  
was the perfect place to hold  
my heart close to yours

I cannot distract  
my mind from wanting to touch  
all of your body

two ripe peaches bounced  
right up to me as I broke  
a rock solid sweat

before the storm you  
found me playing free in the  
yard like a June breeze

even on this damp  
lightning struck night I can see  
your light through the storm

in a tight peach shirt  
gazing the way only a  
loving woman can

my freight was lifted  
when I pulled from your pussy  
exploding on you

in my view you in  
that red shirt makes me want that  
tight ass bouncing tight

the saliency of  
your soft skin touching murders  
all other concerns

my heart just falls right  
open like a June rain cloud  
when you speak my name

the name Ay-yah should  
mean river for you quenched this  
parched mans thirst for love

every lightning clap  
I hear tonight takes with it  
our past with each flash

in the sun today  
my love became pine and made  
you a garden box

my ladies eyes are  
a master of time for they  
stop my universe

the hidden kiss of  
the groundhogs peach was perfect  
before the rain storm

nothing can fill me  
as much as craving you all  
day and having you

mature spring rains joined  
us by dancing on our bed  
in an herbal bond

sixteen empty squares  
for filling and one broken  
heart for the fixing

rain cold on my back  
dirt rich on my hands and the  
warm love in my heart

shaving deferments  
facilitated her a  
rough and hot face fuck

turning your soft hip  
so I can press your firm ass  
close is perfection

when I was sure my  
heart was filled with anger you  
filled it with your love

on the clean counter  
placed your hand the nice flowers  
for the love of ours

alone I am one  
tree but when I am with you  
I am a forest

in the morning when  
I find you still love me I  
want no tomorrow

we are all only  
Mister Hungry lucky to  
be in your shelter

through the flowers you  
arranged your love reflected  
in the bright colors

through the refracted  
light of a mason jar came  
evident your love

planting pumpkins by  
street light I found my love when  
the dust had settled



on each tines strike the  
dead soil comes alive as does  
my heart when we kiss

across the garden  
you were looking down when I  
saw you be yourself

sitting in the dirt  
behind the big blue box you  
were so damn sexy

you planted each gray  
zucchini plant deep like you  
prefer my hard cock

my sweet Ay-yah ate  
a French fry picnic then sucked  
me of perfectly

your pussy is a  
flower that I love to taste  
while I tongue fuck you

without you I am  
a soil less plant grasping for  
earth on dying roots

when Hemera breaks  
the night I will walk in our  
garden loving you

may the sunflowers  
grow tall like our love in the  
wicked southern sun

as I turn this earth  
I bury my past and then  
locate our future



I hunt second to  
second for the moment I  
can make love to you

in the light of June  
your skin is libidinous  
in site touch and taste

you have back turned my  
heart to spring want you the full  
summer of my heat

the dark of alone  
whispers my ear wickedly  
to find you that breath

this books fruition  
signifies the foundation  
of our timeless love

drunk on your orgasm  
I laugh uninhibited  
in this only now

your lips sitting on  
my face is the air feeding  
my carnal fire

my girlfriends sweet love  
is timeless like honey sealed  
in an ancient place

the silence between  
my heartbeat is reserved just  
for my loving you

truthful is dawns light  
reflecting on our garden  
knowing no titles

under the tulip  
poplar I see our love in  
the fresh light of dawn

shortening summer  
nights hold less minutes for us  
to find our best dreams

from your sexy hip  
pink panties shown with a slip  
of your tight black pants

let your knowledge be  
solid that the chasing rain  
comes when you need it

rain came like a train  
quick up the sunflower strip  
delivering love

when these words are stale  
forget not how perfect the  
sunflower rain fell

mid June lightning lights  
your sexy skin with each bright  
flash as we made love

the Mason-Dixon  
pepper line demarcation  
came in middle June

sugary sweet is  
your tight pussy ridding me  
until I explode

you stirred my carnal  
fever willfully so you  
could taste the flavor

usted es techo  
que me abriga  
de la tormenta

you must be the new  
hopeful day my darling Miss  
Amanfu sang of

sultry spring sprung so  
softly stirring swift seasons  
sizzling summer sands

the summer solstice  
sings through a cardinals beak  
touch the short hot night

pan dancing has tamped  
the sunflowers soil fresh damp  
lives grasp the seed clamps

we celebrate this  
full moon solstice with making  
love during sunset

from ice to fruit my  
kind lady has lead me by  
my heart to safety

the strawberry moon  
shined on our strawberry box  
lighting our sweet love

a crow for a crown  
a flock a pack a clowder  
is my queens army

you may not spend the  
night in my bed but you do  
spend it in my heart

you are a mighty  
train engine helping others  
progress with their load

the three sisters came  
followed by surprise supper  
thank you my kind love

how do I repay  
the woman that saved my life  
with her blind mercy

from desert buzzards  
waiting to our garden you  
have delivered me

forget not every  
storm ends leaving our gardens  
ample time to grow

my roof a drum the  
falling rain a melody  
our love the songs key

you are the slender  
twilight between sunset and  
the evening starlight

when I lay my lips  
gently between your soft hips  
my purpose is pure

when winter washes  
white with wild windy wanting  
willows wonder why

delicate are the  
walls that stop us from sharing  
love with each other

thank you my Ay-yah  
for turning my hard winter  
into our summer

there is no finer  
a sunrise than the one that  
lights the path to you













